



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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NO. 3.

SELECT TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

Laura Lovel.

A SKETCH—FOR LADIES ONLY;

BY MISS LESLIE.

[Concluded.]

LAURA LOVEL had already begun to find her visit to the Brantley family less agreeable than she had anticipated. They had nothing in common with herself; their conversation was neither edifying nor entertaining. They had few books, except the Annuals; and though she passed the Circulating Libraries with longing eyes, she did not consider that she was sufficiently in funds to avail herself of their contents. No opportunities were afforded her of seeing any of the lions of the city, and of those that casually fell in her way, she found her companions generally more ignorant than herself. They did not conceive that a stranger could be amused or interested with things that, having always been within their own reach, had failed to awaken in them the slightest curiosity. Mr. Brantley was infinitely the best of the family; but he was immersed in business all day, and in the newspapers all the evening. Mrs. Brantley was nothing, and Augusta's petulance, and heartlessness, and Miss Frampton's impertinence, (which somewhat increased after she lent the money to Laura,) were equally annoying. The visitors of the family were nearly of the same stamp as themselves.

Laura however, had looked forward with much anticipated pleasure to the long-talked of visit to the seashore, and in the meantime her chief enjoyment was derived from the afternoon rides that were occasionally taken in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and which gave our heroine an opportunity of seeing something of the beautiful environs of Boston.

Miss Frampton's fits of kindness were always very transient, and Laura's deep mortification at having been necessitated to accept a favor from such a woman, was rendered still more poignant by unavoidably overhearing (as she was dressing at her toilet-table that stood between two open windows,) the following dialogue; the speakers being

two of Mrs. Brantley's servant girls that were ironing in the kitchen porch, and who in talking to each other of the young ladies, always dropped the title of Miss:—

'Matilda,' said one of them, 'don't you hear Laura's bell? Did'n't she tell you arter dinner, that she would ring for you arter a while, to come up stairs and hook the back of her dress.'

'Yes,' replied Matilda—'I hear it as plain as you do, Eliza; but I guess I shan't go till it suits me. I'm quite beat out with running up stairs from morning to night to await on that there Philadelphia woman, as she takes such high airs. Who but she indeed! Any how I'm not a going to hurry. I shall just act as if I did not hear no bell at all—for as to this here Laura, I guess she an't much. Augusta told me this morning, when she got me to fix her hair, that Miss Frampton told her that Laura axed and begged her amost on her bare knees, to lend her some money to pay for her frocks and bunnet.'

'Why, how could she act so!' exclaimed Eliza.

'Because,' resumed Matilda, 'her people sent her here without a copper in her pocket. So I guess they're a pretty shabby set after all.'

'I was judging as much,' said Eliza, 'by her not taking no airs, and always acting so polite to every body.'

'Well now,' observed Matilda, 'Mr. Scour-brass, the gentleman as lives with old Madam Montgomery, at the big house, in Bowdin Square, and helps to do her work, always stands out that very great people of the raal sort, act much better, and an't so apt to take airs as them what are upstarts.'

'Doctors differ,' sagely remarked Eliza. 'However, as you say, I don't believe this here Laura is much; and I'm thinking how she'll get along at Nahant. Miss Lathersoap, the lady as washes her clothes, told me, among other things, that Laura's pocket-handkerchers are all quite plain—not a worked or a laced one among them. Now our Augusta would scorn to carry a plain handkercher, and so would her mother.'

'I've taken notice of Laura's handkerchers myself,' said Matilda, 'and I don't see why we young ladies as lives out, and does people's work to oblige them, should be expected to run at the beck and call of any strangers they may chuse to take into the house; let alone when they're not no great things.'

Laura retreated from the open windows, that she might hear no more of a conversation so painful to her. She would at once have written to her father, told him all, and begged him, if he possibly could, to send her money enough to repay Miss Frampton, but she had found by a letter received the day before, that he had gone on some business to the interior of Maine, and would not be home in less than a fortnight.

Next day was the one finally appointed for their removal to Nahant, and our heroine felt her spirits revive at the idea of beholding for the first time in her life, 'the sea, the sea, the open sea.' They went in Mr. Brantley's carriage, and Laura understood that she *might* ride in her black silk dress, and her straw bonnet.

They crossed at the Winnisimmet Ferry, rode through Chelsea, and soon arrived at the flourishing town of Lynn, where every man was making shoes, and every woman binding them. The last sun-beams were glowing in the west, when they came to the beautiful Long Beach that connects the rocks of Lynn with those of Nahant, the sand being so firm and smooth, that the shadow of every object is reflected in it downwards. The tide was so high that they drove along the verge of the surf, the horses' feet splashing through the water, and trampling on the shells and sea-weed left by the retiring waves. Cattle, as they went home, were cooling themselves by wading breast high in the breakers; and the little sand-birds were sporting on the crests of the billows, sometimes flying low and dipping into the water the white edges of their wings, and sometimes seeming with their slender feet to walk on the surface of the foam. Beyond the everlasting breakers rolled the unbounded ocean, the haze of evening coming fast upon it, and

the full moon rising broad and red through the misty veil of the eastern horizon.

Laura Lovel felt as if she could have viewed this scene for ever, and, at times she could not refrain from audibly expressing her delight. The other ladies were deeply engaged in listening to Miss Frampton's account of a ball and supper given by her intimate friend, that lovely woman Mrs. Ben Derrydown, the evening before Mr. Ben Derrydown's last failure, and which ball and supper exceeded in splendor any thing she had ever witnessed, except the wedding party of her sweet love Mrs. Nick Rearsby, whose furniture was seized by the sheriff a few months after; and the birth-night concert at the coming out of her darling little pet, Kate Bolderhurst, who ran away next morning with her music-master.

Our party now arrived at the Nahant Hotel, which was full of visitors, with some of whom the Brantleys were acquainted. After tea, when the company adjourned to the lower drawing-rooms, the extraordinary beauty of Laura Lovel drew the majority of the gentlemen to that side of the apartment on which the Brantley family were seated. Many introductions took place, and Mrs. Brantley felt in paradise at seeing that her party had attracted the greatest number of beaux. Miss Frampton generally made a point of answering every thing that was addressed to Laura, and Augusta giggled and flirted, and chattered much impertinent nonsense to the gentlemen on the outskirts of the group, that were waiting for an opportunity of saying something to Miss Lovel.

Our heroine was much confused at finding herself an object of such general attention, and was also overwhelmed by the officious volubility of Miss Frampton, though none of it was addressed to her. Mrs. Maitland, a lady as unlike Mrs. Brantley as, possible, was seated on the other side of Laura Lovel, and was at once prepossessed in her favor, not only from the beauty of her features, but from the intelligence of her countenance. Desirous of being better acquainted, and seeing that Laura's present position was any thing but pleasant to her, Mrs. Maitland proposed that they should take a turn in the veranda that runs round the second story of the hotel. To this suggestion Laura gladly assented—for she felt at once that Mrs. Maitland was just the sort of woman she would like to know. There was a refinement and dignity in her appearance and manner that showed her to be 'every inch a lady'; but that dignity was tempered with a frankness and courtesy that put every one round her immediately at their ease. Though now in the autumn of life, her figure was still good—her features still handsome, but they derived their chief charm from the sensible and benevolent expression of her fine open

countenance. Her attire was admirably suited to her face and person; but she was not over-drest and she was evidently one of those fortunate women who without bestowing much time and attention upon it, are as fast to all that constitutes a correct and tasteful costume.

Mrs. Maitland took Laura's arm within hers, and telling Mrs. Brantley that she was going to carry off Miss Lovel for half an hour, she made a sign to a fine-looking young man on the other side of the room, and introduced him as her son, Mr. Aubrey Maitland. He conducted the two ladies up stairs to the veranda, and in a few minutes our heroine felt as if she had been acquainted with the Maitlands for years. No longer kept down and oppressed by the night-mare influence of fools, her spirit expanded, and breathed once more. She expressed without hesitation, her delight at the scene that presented itself before her—for she felt that she was understood.

The moon now 'high in heaven,' threw a solemn light on the trembling expanse of the ocean, and glittered on the spray that foamed and murmured forever round the rocks that environed the little peninsula, their deep recesses slumbering in shade, while their crags and points came out in silver brightness. Around lay the numerous islands that are scattered over Boston harbor, and far apart glowed the fires of two light houses, like immense stars beaming on the verge of the horizon; one of them, a revolving light, alternately shining out, and disappearing. As a contrast to the still repose that reigned around, was the billiard-room, (resembling a little Grecian temple,) on a promontory that overlooked the sea—the lamps that shone through its windows, mingling with the moonbeams, and the rolling sound of the billiard-balls uniting with the murmur of the eternal waters.

Mrs. Maitland listened with corresponding interest to the animated and original comments of her new friend, whose young and enthusiastic imagination had never been more vividly excited; and she drew her out, till Laura suddenly stopped, blushing with the fear that she had been saying too much. Before they returned to the drawing-room, Aubrey was decidedly and deeply in love.

When Laura retired to her apartment, she left the window open, that she might from her pillow look out upon the moonlit-sea, and be fanned by the cool night breeze that gently rippled its waters; and when she was at last lulled to repose by the monotonous dashing of the surf against the rocks beneath her casement, she had a dream of the peninsula of Nahant—not as it now is covered with new and tasteful buildings and a favorite resort of the fashion and opulence of Boston, but as it must have looked two centuries ago, when the seals made their homes among its caverned rocks, and when the only human

habitations were the rude huts of the Indian fishers, and the only boats, their canoes of bark and skins.

When she awoke from her dream she saw the morning-star sparkling high in the east, and casting on the dark surface of the sea a line of light which seemed to mimic that of the moon, long since gone down beyond the opposite horizon. Laura rose at the earliest glimpse of dawn to watch the approaches of the coming day. A hazy vapor had spread itself over the water, and through its gauzy veil she first beheld the red rim of the rising sun seeming to emerge from its ocean bed. As the sun ascended, the mist slowly rolled away, and 'the light of morning smiled upon the wave,' and tinted the white sails of a little fleet of outward-bound fishing boats.

At the breakfast table the majority of the company consisted of ladies only: Most of the gentlemen (including Aubrey Maitland,) having gone in the early steamboat to attend to their business in the city. After breakfast Laura proposed a walk, and Augusta and Miss Frampton, not knowing what else to do with themselves, consented to accompany her. A certain Miss Blunsdon, (who being an heiress, and of a patrician family, conceived herself privileged to do as she pleased, and therefore made it her pleasure to be a hoyden and slattern,) volunteered to pioneer them, boasting of her intimate knowledge of every nook and corner of the neighborhood. Our heroine, by particular desire of Augusta and Miss Frampton, had arrayed herself that morning in her new French muslin, with what they called its proper accompaniments.

Miss Blunsdon conducted the party to that singular cleft in the rocks, known by the name of the Swallow's Cave, in consequence of its having been formerly the resort of those birds, whose nests covered its walls. Miss Frampton stopped as soon as they came in sight of it, declaring, that it was in bad taste for ladies to scramble about such rugged places, and Augusta agreeing that a fancy for wet slippery rocks was certainly very peculiar. So the two friends sat down on the most level spot they could find, while Miss Blunsdon insisted on Laura's following her to the utmost extent of the cave, and our heroine's desire to explore this wild and picturesque recess made her forgetful of the probable consequences to her dress.

Miss Blunsdon and Laura descended into the cleft, which as they proceeded, became so narrow as almost to close above their heads; its lofty and irregular walls seeming to lose themselves in the blue sky. The passage at the bottom was in some places scarcely wide enough to allow them to squeeze through it. The tide was low, yet still the stepping stones loosely imbedded in the sand and sea-weed were nearly covered with water. But Laura

followed her guide to the utmost extent of the passage, till they looked out again upon the sea.

When they rejoined their companions—'Oh! look at your new French muslin,' exclaimed Augusta to Laura. 'It is dragged half way up to your knees, and the salt water has already taken the color out of it—and your pelerine is split down the back—and your shoes are half off your feet, and your stockings are all over wet sand. How very peculiar you look!'

Laura was now extremely sorry to find her dress so much injured, and Miss Frampton comforted her by the assurance that it would never again be fit to be seen. They returned to the hotel, where they found Mrs. Maitland reading on one of the sofas in the upper hall. Laura was hastily running up stairs, but Augusta called out—'Mrs. Maitland do look at Miss Lovel—did you ever see such a figure? She has demolished her new dress, scrambling through the Swallow's Cave with Miss Blunsdon.' And she ran into the Ladies' drawing room, to repeat the story at full length, while Laura retired to her room to try some means of remedying her disasters, and to regret that she had not been permitted to bring with her to Nahant some of her gingham morning dresses. The French muslin, however, was incurable; its blue, though very beautiful, being of that peculiar cast which always fades into a dull white when wet with water.

Miss Frampton remained a while in the hall; and taking her seat beside Mrs. Maitland, said to her in a low confidential voice—'Have you not observed, Mrs. Maitland, that when people, who are nobody, attempt dress, they always over do it. Only think of a country clergyman's daughter coming to breakfast in so expensive a French muslin, and then going out in it to clamber about the rocks, and paddle among the wet sea weed. Now you will see what a show she will make at dinner in a dress the cost of which would keep her whole family in comfortable calico gowns for two years. I was with her when she did her shopping, and though, as a friend, I could not forbear entreating her to get things that were suitable to her circumstances and to her station in life, she turned a deaf ear to every thing I said, (which was certainly in very bad taste,) and she would buy nothing but the most expensive and useless frippery. I suppose she expects to catch the beaux by it. But when they find out who she is, I rather think they will only nibble at the bait—Heavens! what a wife she will make! And then such a want of self-respect, and even of common integrity. Of course you will not mention it—for I would on no consideration that it should go any farther—but between ourselves, I was actually obliged to lend her money to pay her bills.'

Mrs. Maitland, thoroughly disgusted with her companion, and disbelieving the whole of her gratuitous communication, rose from the sofa and departed without vouchsafing a reply.

At dinner, Laura Lovel appeared in her new silk, and really looked beautifully. Miss Frampton observing that our heroine attracted the attention of several gentlemen who had just arrived from the city, took an opportunity while she was receiving a plate of chowder from one of the waiters, to spill part of it on Laura's dress.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Lovel,' said she, 'when I took the soup I did not perceive that you and your new silk were beside me.'

Laura began to wipe her dress with her pocket-handkerchief. 'Now don't look so disconcerted,' pursued Miss Frampton, in a loud whisper. 'It is in very bad taste to appear annoyed when an accident happens to your dress. People in society always pass off such things, as of no consequence whatever. I have apologized for spilling the soup, and what more can I do?'

Poor Laura was not in society, and she knew that to her, the accident was of consequence. However she rallied and tried to appear as if she thought no more of the mischance that had spoiled the handsomest and most expensive dress she had ever possessed. After dinner she tried to remove the immense grease-spot by every application within her reach, but had no success.

When she returned to the drawing-room, she was invited to join a party that was going to visit the Spouting Horn, as it is generally denominated. She had heard this remarkable place much talked of since her arrival at Nahant, and she certainly felt a great desire to see it. Mrs. Maitland had letters to write, and Mrs. Brantley and Miss Frampton were engaged in their siesta; but Augusta was eager for the walk as she found that several gentlemen were going, among them Aubrey Maitland, who had just arrived in the afternoon boat. His eyes sparkled at the sight of our heroine, and offering her his arm, they proceeded with the rest of the party to the Spouting Horn. This is a deep cavity at the bottom of a steep ledge of rocks, and the waves as they rush successively into it with the tide, are immediately thrown out again by the action of a current of air which comes through a small opening at the back of the recess, the spray falling round like that of a cascade or fountain. The tide and wind were both high, and Laura was told that the Spouting Horn would be seen to great advantage.

Aubrey Maitland conducted her carefully down the least rugged declivity of the rock, and gave her his hand to assist her in springing from point to point. They at length

descended to the bottom of the crag. Laura was bending forward with eager curiosity, and looking stedfastly into the wave-worn cavern, much interested in the explosions of foaming water, which were sometimes greater and sometimes less. Suddenly a blast of wind twisted her light dress-bonnet completely round, and broke the sewing of one of the strings, and the bonnet was directly whirled before her into the cavity of the rock, and the next moment thrown back again amidst a shower of sea-froth.—Laura cried involuntarily, and Aubrey sprung forward, and snatched it out of the water.

'I fear,' said he, 'Miss Lovel, your bonnet is irreparably injured.'—'It is, indeed,' replied Laura; and remembering Miss Frampton's lecture, she tried to say that the destruction of her bonnet was of no consequence, but unaccustomed to falsehood, the words died away on her lips.

The ladies now gathered round our heroine, who held in her hand the dripping wreck of the once elegant bonnet; and they gave it as their unanimous opinion, that nothing could be done to restore it to any form that would make it wearable. Laura then tied her scarf over her head, and Aubrey Maitland thought she looked prettier than ever.

Late in the evening, Mr. Brantley arrived from town in his chaise, bringing from the post office a letter for Laura Lovel, from her little sisters, or rather two letters written on the same sheet. They ran thus:—

'Rosebrook, August 9th, 18—.

'DEAREST SISTER—We hope you are having a great deal of pleasure in Boston. How many novels you must be reading—I wish I was grown up as you are—I am eight years old, and I have never yet read a novel. We miss you all the time. There is still a chair placed for you at table, and Rosa and I take turns in sitting next to it. But we can no longer hear your pleasant talk with our dear father. You know Rosa and I always listened so attentively that we frequently forgot to eat our dinners. I see advertised a large new book of Fairy Tales. How much you will have to tell us when you come home. Since you were so kind as to promise to bring me a book, I think, upon second thought, I would rather have the Tales of the Castle than Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales.

'Dear mother now has to make all the pies and puddings herself. We miss you every way. The Children's Friend must be a charming book—so must the Friend of Youth.

'Yesterday we had a pair of fowls killed for dinner. Of course, they were not Rosa's chickens, nor mine—they were only Billy and Bobby. But still Rosa and I cried very much, as they were fowls that we were acquainted with. Dear father reasoned with

us about it for a long time ; but still, though the fowls were made into a pie, we could eat nothing but the crust. I think I should like very much to read the Robins, and also Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.

'I hope, dear Laura, you will be able to remember every thing you have seen and heard in Boston, that you may have the more to tell us when you come home. I think, after all, there is no book I would prefer to the Arabian Nights—no doubt the Tales of the Genii are also excellent. Dear Laura, how I long to see you again. Paul and Virginia must be very delightful.

'Yours affectionately,

'ELLA LOVEL.'

'DEAR SISTER LAURA—I cried for a long time after you left us, but at last I wiped my eyes, and played with Ponto, and was happy. I have concluded not to want the canary-bird I asked you to get for me, as I think it best to be satisfied by hearing the birds sing on the trees, in the garden, and in the woods. Last night I heard a screech-owl—I would rather have a young fig-tree in a tub—or else a great quantity of new flower-seeds. If you do not get either the fig-tree or the flower-seeds, I should like a blue cat, such as I have read of—you know those cats are not sky-blue, but only a bluish gray. If a blue cat is not to be had, I should be glad of a pair of white English rabbits; and yet, I think, I would quite as willingly have a pair of doves. I never saw a real dove—but if doves are scarce, or cost too much, I shall be satisfied with a pair of fantailed pigeons, if they are quite white, and their tails fan very much. If you had a great deal of money to spare, I should like a kid or a fawn, but I know that is impossible; so I will not think of it. Perhaps, when I grow up, I may be a president's wife—if so, I will buy an elephant.

'Your affectionate sister,

'ROSA LOVEL.'

'I send kisses to all the people in Boston that love you.'

How gladly would Laura, had it been in her power, have made every purchase mentioned in the letters of the two innocent little girls. And her heart swelled and her eyes overflowed when she thought how happy she might have made them at a small part of the expense she had been persuaded to lavish on the finery that had given her so little pleasure, and that was now nearly all spoiled.

Next day was Sunday; and they went to church and heard Mr. Taylor the celebrated mariner clergyman, with whose deep pathos and simple good sense Laura was much interested, while she was at the same time amused with his originality and quaintness.

On returning to the hotel, they found that the morning boat had arrived, and on looking up at the veranda, the first object Laura saw

there was Pyam Dodge, standing stiffly with his hands on the railing.

'Miss Lovel,' said Augusta, 'there's your friend, the schoolmaster.'

'Mercy upon us,' screamed Miss Frampton, 'has that horrid fellow come after you? Really, Miss Lovel, it is in very bad taste to invite him to Nahant.'

'I did not invite him,' replied Laura coloring, 'I know not how he discovered that I was here.'

'The only way then,' said Miss Frampton, 'is to cut him dead, and then perhaps he'll clear off.'

'Pho,' said Augusta, 'do you suppose he can understand cutting—why he won't know whether he's cut or not.'

'May I ask who this person is?' said Aubrey Maitland, in a low voice, to Laura. 'Is there any stain or any suspicion attached to him?'

'Oh! no, indeed,' replied Laura earnestly. And, in a few words, as they ascended the stairs, she gave him an outline of the schoolmaster and his character.

'Then do not cut him at all,' said Aubrey. 'Let me take the liberty of suggesting to you how to receive him.' They had now come out into the veranda, and Maitland immediately led Laura up to Pyam Dodge, who bowed profoundly on being introduced to him, and then turned to our heroine, asked permission to shake hands with her, hoped his company would be found agreeable, and signified that he had been unable to learn where she was from Mr. Brantley's servants; but that the evening before, a gentleman of Boston had told him that Mr. Brantley and all the family were at Nahant. Therefore, he had come thither to-day purposely to see her, and to inform her that the summer vacation having commenced, he was going to pay a visit to his old friends at Rosebrook, and would be very thankful if she would honor him with a letter or message to her family.

All this was said with much bowing, and prosing, and apologizing. When it was finished, Maitland invited Pyam Dodge to take a turn round the veranda, with Miss Lovel and himself, and the poor schoolmaster expressed the most profound gratitude. When they were going to dinner, Aubrey introduced him to Mrs. Maitland, placed him next to himself at table, and engaged him in a conversation on the Greek classics, in which Pyam Dodge finding himself precisely in his element, forgot his humility, and being less embarrassed, was therefore less awkward and absurd than usual.

Laura Lovel had thought Aubrey Maitland the handsomest and most elegant young man she had ever seen. She now thought him the most amiable.

In the afternoon there was a mirage, in which the far-off rocks in the vicinity of Marblehead, appeared almost in the immediate neighborhood of Nahant, coming out in full relief, their forms and colors well defined, and their height and breadth seemingly much increased. While all the company were assembled to look at this singular optical phenomenon, (Aubrey Maitland being earnestly engaged in explaining it to our heroine,) Miss Frampton whispered to Laura that she wished particularly to speak with her, and accordingly drew her away to another part of the veranda.

Laura turned pale, for she had a presentiment of what was coming. Miss Frampton then told her, that presuming she had heard from home, she concluded that it would of course be convenient to return the trifle she had lent her; adding that she wished to give a small commission to a lady that was going to town the next morning.

Poor Laura knew not what to say. She changed color, trembled with nervous agitation, and at last faltered out, that in consequence of knowing her father was from home, she had not yet written to him on the subject, but that she would do so immediately, and hoped that Miss Frampton would not find it very inconvenient to wait a few days.

'Why really, I don't know how I can,' replied Miss Frampton; 'I want a shawl exactly like Mrs. Horton's. She tells me they are only to be had at one store in Boston, and that when she got hers the other day, there were only two left. They are really quite a new style, strange as it is to see any thing in Boston that is not quite old-fashioned in Philadelphia. The money I lent you is precisely the sum for this purpose. Of course I am in no want of a shawl—thank heaven, I have more than I know what to do with—but, as I told you, these are quite a new style—'

'Oh! how gladly would I pay you, if I could!' exclaimed Laura covering her face with her hands—'What would I give at this moment for twenty-five dollars!'

'I hope I am not inconvenient,' said the voice of Pyam Dodge, close at Laura's back; 'but I have been looking for Miss Laura Lovel, that I may take my leave, and return to town in the next boat.'

Miss Frampton tossed her head and walked away, to tell Mrs. Horton, confidentially, that Miss Lovel had borrowed twenty-five dollars of her to buy finery; but not to add that she had just been asking her for payment.

'If I may venture to use such freedom,' pursued Pyam Dodge; 'I think, Miss Laura Lovel, I overheard you just now grieving that you could not pay some money. Now, my good child, (if you will forgive me for calling you so,) why should you be at any loss for

money, when I have just received my quarter's salary, and when I have more about me than I know what to do with, I heard you mention twenty-five dollars—here it is, (taking some notes out of an enormous pocket-book,) and if you want any more, as I hope you do—'

'Oh! no, indeed—no,' interrupted Laura, 'I cannot take it—I would not on any consideration.'

'I know too well,' continued Pyam Dodge, 'I am not worthy to offer it, and I hope I am not making myself disagreeable. But if Miss Laura Lovel, you would only have the goodness to accept it, you may be sure I will never ask you for it as long as I live. I would even take a book-oath not to do so.'

Laura steadily refused the proffered kindness of the poor schoolmaster, and begged Pyam Dodge to mention the subject to her no more. She told him that all she now wished was to go home, and that she would write by him to her family, begging that her father would come for her (as he had promised at parting,) and take her back to Rosebrook, as soon as he could. She quitted Pyam Dodge, who was evidently much mortified, and retired to write her letter, which she gave to him as soon as it was finished, finding him in the hall taking a ceremonious leave of the Maitlands. He departed, and Laura's spirits were gradually revived during the evening, by the gratifying attentions and agreeable conversation of Mrs. Maitland and her son.

When our heroine retired for the night, she found on her table a letter in a singularly uncouth hand, if hand it could be called, where every word was differently written. It inclosed two ten dollar notes and a five, and was conceived in the following words—

'This is to inform Miss Laura, eldest daughter of the Reverend Edward Lovel, of Rosebrook, Massachusetts, that an unknown friend of hers, whose name it will be impossible for her to guess, (and therefore to make the attempt will doubtless be entire loss of time, and time is always precious,) having accidentally heard (though by what means is a profound secret,) that she, at this present time, is in some little difficulty for want of a small sum of money—he, therefore—this unknown friend, offers to her acceptance the before-mentioned sum, hoping that she will find nothing disgusting in his using so great a liberty.'

'Oh! poor Pyam Dodge!' exclaimed Laura, 'why did you take the trouble to disguise and disfigure your excellent hand-writing?' And she felt after all, what a relief it was to transfer her debt from Miss Frampton to the good schoolmaster. Reluctant to have any further personal discussion on this painful subject, she inclosed the notes in a short billet to Miss Frampton, and sent it

immediately to that lady's apartment. She then went to bed, comparatively happy, slept soundly, and dreamed of Aubrey Maitland.

About the end of the week Laura Lovel was delighted to see her father arrive with Mr. Brantley. As soon as they were alone, she threw herself into his arms, and with a flood of tears explained to him the particulars of all that had passed since she left home, and deeply lamented that she had allowed herself to be drawn into expenses beyond her means of defraying, and which her father could ill afford to supply, to say nothing of the pain and mortification they had occasioned to herself.

'My beloved child,' said Mr. Lovel, 'I have been much to blame for entrusting you at an age so early and inexperienced, and with no knowledge of a town life and its habits, to the guidance and example of a family of whom I knew nothing, except that they were reputable and opulent.'

Mr. Lovel then gave his daughter the agreeable intelligence, that the tract of land which was the object of his visit to Maine, and which had been left him in his youth by an old aunt, and was then considered of little or no account, had greatly increased in value by a new and flourishing town having sprung up in its immediate vicinity. This tract he had recently been able to sell for ten thousand dollars, and the interest of that sum would now make a most acceptable addition to his little income.

He also informed her that Pyam Dodge was then at the village of Rosebrook, where he was 'visiting round,' as he called it, and that the good schoolmaster had faithfully kept the secret of the twenty-five dollars which he had pressed upon Laura, and of which Mr. Lovel had now heard for the first time, from herself.

While this conversation was going on between the father and daughter, Mrs. Maitland and her son were engaged in discussing the beauty and the apparent merits of our heroine. 'I should like extremely,' said Mrs. Maitland, 'to invite Miss Lovel to pass the winter with me. But you know we live much in the world, and I fear the limited state of her father's finances could not allow her to appear as she would wish. Yet perhaps I might manage to assist her, in that respect, without wounding her delicacy. I think with regret of so fair a flower being "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."'

'There is one way,' said Aubrey Maitland, smiling, and coloring, 'by which we might have Miss Lovel to spend next winter in Boston, without any danger of offending her delicacy, or subjecting her to embarrassment on account of her personal expenses—a way which would enable her to appear as she

deserves, and to move in a sphere that she is well calculated to adorn, though not as *Miss Lovel*.'

'I cannot but understand you, Aubrey,' replied Mrs. Maitland, who had always been not only the mother, but the sympathizing and confidential friend of her son—'yet be not too precipitate. Know more of this young lady before you go so far that you cannot in honor recede.'

'I know her sufficiently,' said Aubrey with animation. 'She is to be understood at once, and though I flatter myself that I may have already excited some interest in her heart, yet I have no reason to suppose that she entertains for me such feelings as would induce her at this time to accept my offer. She is extremely anxious to get home; she may have left a lover there. But let me be once assured that her affections are disengaged, and that she is really inclined to bestow them on me, and a declaration shall immediately follow the discovery. A man, who, after being convinced of the regard of the woman he loves, can trifle with her feelings and hesitate about securing her hand, does not deserve to obtain her.'

Laura had few preparations to make for her departure, which took place the next morning, Aubrey Maitland and Mr. Brantley accompanying her and her father to town, in the early boat. Mrs. Maitland took leave of her affectionately, Mrs. Brantley smilingly, Augusta coldly, and Miss Frampton not at all.

Mr. Lovel and his daughter passed that day in Boston, staying at a hotel. Laura showed her father the children's letter. All the books that Ella mentioned were purchased for her, and quite a little menagerie of animals was procured for Rosa.

They arrived safely at Rosebrook. And when Mr. Lovel was invoking a blessing on their evening repast, he referred to the return of his daughter and to his happiness on seeing her once more in her accustomed seat at table, in a manner that drew tears into the eyes of every member of the family.

Pyam Dodge was there; only waiting for Laura's arrival to set out next morning on a visit to his relations in Vermont. With his usual want of tact, and his usual kindness of heart, he made so many objections to receiving the money with which he had accommodated our heroine, that Mr. Lovel was obliged to slip it privately into his trunk before his departure.

In a few days, Aubrey Maitland came to Rosebrook and established himself at the principal inn, from whence he visited Laura the evening of his arrival. Next day he came both morning and evening. On the third day he paid her three visits, and after that it was not worth while to count them.

The marriage of Aubrey and Laura took

place at the close of the autumn, and they immediately went into the possession of an elegant residence of their own, adjoining the mansion of the elder Mrs. Maitland. They are now living in as much happiness as can fall to the lot of human beings.

Before the Nahant season was over, Miss Frampton had quarreled with or offended nearly every lady at the hotel, and Mr. Brantley privately insisted that his wife should not invite her to pass the winter with them. However, she protracted her stay as long as she possibly could with any appearance of decency, and then returned to Philadelphia under the escort of one of Mr. Brantley's clerks. After she came home, her visit to Boston afforded her a new subject of conversation, in which the predominant features were general ridicule of the Yankees, (as she called them,) circumstantial slanders of the family to whose hospitality she had been indebted for more than three months, and particular abuse of 'that little wretch, Augusta.'

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of Santa Anna.

SOME particulars of this personage, derived from a gentleman intimately acquainted with him may be interesting to the public.

Santa Anna is about 42 years of age, and was born in the city of Vera Cruz. His father was a Spaniard of old Spain, of respectable standing, though poor; his mother was a Mexican. He received a common education, and at the age of 13 or 14 was taken in to the military family of the Intendant of Vera Cruz, Gen. Davilla, who took a great fancy to him and brought him up. He remained with Gen. Davilla until about the year 1820.—While with Davilla he was made a Major, and when installed he took the honors very coolly, and on some friends congratulating him, he said, 'Si mi bi-ciera dois quisiera estar algomas.' (If you were to make me a God, I should desire to be something greater.) This trait developed at so early a period of his life, indicated the existence of that vaunting ambition which has ever since characterized his life.

After serving the Spanish Royal cause until 1821, he left Vera Cruz, turned against his old master and benefactor, and placed himself at the head of some irregular troops, which he raised on the sea-coast, near Vera Cruz, and which are called Jarochos in their language, and were denominated by him his Cossacks, as they are all mounted, and armed with spears.—With this rude cavalry he besieged Vera Cruz, drove Davilla into the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa, and after having been repulsed again, entered at a subsequent period, and got entire possession of the city, expelling therefrom the old Spanish troops

and reducing the power of the mother country in Mexico to the walls of the castle.

Subsequent to this, Davilla is said to have obtained an interview with Santa Anna, and told him he was destined to act a prominent part in the history of his country, and now, says he, I will give you some advice: 'Siempre vavis con los muchos' (always go with the strongest party.) He always acted up to this motto until he raised the grito, (or cry) in other words, took up the cudgels for the friars and church. He then overturned the federal government, and established a central despotism, of which the priests and military were the two privileged orders. His life has been from the first of the most romantic kind, constantly in revolutions, constantly victorious until the last fatal rencontre.

His manners are extremely affable; he is full of anecdote and humor, and makes himself exceedingly fascinating and agreeable to all who come into his company; he is about five feet ten, rather spare, has a moderately high forehead, with black hair, short black whiskers, and an eye large, black, and expressive of a lurking devil in his look; he is a man of genteel and dignified deportment, but of a disposition perfectly heartless, but he has never evinced a savageness of character, except in the massacre in which he has been implicated in Texas. He married a Spanish lady of property, a native of Alvarado, and through that marriage obtained the first part of his estate called Manga de Clavo, six leagues from Vera Cruz. He has three fine children, yet quite young.

The following striking anecdote of Santa Anna illustrates his peculiar quickness and management:

During the revolution of 1829, while he was shut up in Oaxaca, and surrounded by the government troops, and reduced to the utmost straits for the want of money and provisions, having a very small force, there had been in consequence of the siege and firing every day through the streets, no mass for several weeks. He had no money, and hit upon the following expedient to get it: he took possession of one of the convents, got hold of the wardrobe of the friars, dressed his officers and some of the soldiers in it, and early in the morning had the bells rung for mass. People delighted at again having an opportunity of adoring the Supreme Being, flocked to the church where he was, and after the house was pretty well filled, his friars showed their side arms and bayonets from beneath their cowls, and closed the doors upon the assembled multitude. At this unexpected denouement, there was a tremendous shrieking, when one of his officers ascended the pulpit and told the people that he wanted \$10,000, and must have it. He finally succeeded in getting about \$2,500, when he dismissed the congregation.

As a sample of Santa Anna's pious whims we relate the following:

In the same campaign of Oaxaca, Santa Anna and his officers were there besieged by Rincon, who commanded the government troops. Santa Anna was in a convent surrounded by a small breastwork. Some of the officers, one night to amuse themselves, took the wooden saints out of the church, and placed them as sentries, dressed in uniform, on the breastwork. Rincon, alarmed at this apparent boldness, began to fire away at the wooden images, supposing them to be flesh and blood, and it was not until some of the officers who were not in the secret had implored Santa Anna to prevent this desecration that the firing ceased.

Many similar facts are related of Santa Anna. We have not room at present to say more than there is no man who has filled the space he has, that is so little understood. In short, he is all things to all men. He never was out of Mexico.

General Houston.

THE following is a sketch of the life of General Houston from the Washington correspondence of the Pennsylvania Inquirer:

The first time that I ever saw Houston, was, I think, in the year 1820.—As I was standing at the corner of College street, Nashville, Tennessee, with a friend, a fine looking man dashed by us, and I was induced to inquire his name.

That, sir, said my friend, is Major Houston, a young man of great promise—who is rapidly rising in public favor. He is brave, and has fought gallantly with General Jackson, and in the lapse of a few years will be Governor of Tennessee.

I learned that Major Houston was originally a carpenter, but soon quitted the profession, and commenced the study of law, politics and arms. To the latter science he was most enthusiastically devoted; but as war was now at an end, he confined himself to politics and law. Soon after he was elected to Congress, and as a member of the house of Representatives, held a commanding position. His popularity was steady and rapid in the increase, and the year 1823 found him Governor of the State of Tennessee. In the wars of 1816—'17, with the Seminoles and Creeks, he distinguished himself as a gallant soldier; at the celebrated battle of the Horse Shoe, he was badly wounded in the arm, which disabled him. In 1816, having, in debate, animadverted with severity on the removal of Mr. Curry from the post office at Nashville, and the appointment of Mr. J. P. Irwin, a near relative of Mr. Clay, he was challenged by that gentleman to mortal combat. The parties met in Kentucky—Irwin was shot and badly wounded; and though no exceptions were taken to

the mode in which Houston conducted himself on the occasion, an indictment was obtained against him, for political effect as he alleged, as he was at that time a candidate for the office of Governor of Tennessee.

On the 20th of February 1828, whilst holding the office of Chief Magistrate of Tennessee, he challenged Chapman Johnson, of Virginia, to the field, and the invitation was declined. At the Virginia Convention of that year, Mr. Johnson reported an address to the people of Virginia, recommending the re-election of Mr. Clay, and in that address, those who had participated in the battle of the Horse Shoe, as Gov. Houston understood it, were treated with great severity. As one of the actors in that battle, Gov. Houston demanded redress from Mr. Johnson; in reply to which that gentleman replied that the address was the production of a Convention of two hundred and he could not consider himself personally responsible for the acts of that body.

On the 10th day of April, 1828, Gov. Houston, formally resigned the office of Gov. of Tennessee, and abjured the State. Assuming the garb of an Indian, he departed for the remote scenes of Arkansas, and resolved to spend his days in perpetual exile. His letter of resignation to Mr. Speaker Call, is one of the most beautiful productions of the kind now in existence. At the time he resigned the robes of office, he had but just been married to a beautiful woman, one of the most respectable ladies of Tennessee. They had not been married but a few days, or weeks at least, before the lady repudiated her allegiance to her lord, and claimed the protection of her parents. The causes that led to the separation have never been unraveled to the world and in all probability will perish with the wife and husband.—Popular clamor and suspicion were warmly excited against Houston, and to avoid public opinion, as he himself said, he became an exile in Arkansas. Many alledge that he was compelled, such was the excitement against him, to abandon Tennessee. After having spent a year or two in Arkansas, he became engaged in some army contracts, which once more introduced him to the walks of civilized life. In consequence of these contracts, he was charged with fraud and speculation by Mr. William Stansberry, a member of Congress from Ohio. As soon as they reached the ears of Houston, he made his appearance in Washington, and taking the law in his own hands, flogged Stansberry in Pennsylvania Avenue. For this breach of the 'privilege,' he was arrested, and reprimanded at the Bar of the House, and another shade of darkness was added to his character. Although few could justify the course of Houston, fewer pitied poor Stansberry. He had most justly merited all he received; but for all this, from the moment of the outrage

until the commencement of the Texian war, Houston was looked on by the American people, as a base, and lost man. In 1833, he commenced the practice of the law in Natchez; but soon abandoned that place for Texas. It is most probable that he had in view the conquest of that country, the moment he entered it. The rest need not be told.

Gen. Houston is now about forty-two years of age. He is a man of impetuous temperament, but always firm and ardent and sincere in his friendship.

MISCELLANY.

Justice in a Turkish Magistrate.

A CAUSE was tried before a young Cadi, at Smyrna; the merits of which are as follows:

A poor man claimed a house which a rich man had usurped. The former held his deeds and documents to procure his right; but the last had procured a number of witnesses to invalidate them; and to support their evidence effectually, he presented the Cadi with a bag containing 500 ducats; the Cadi received it. When it came to a hearing, the poor man told his story, produced his writings, but wanted that most essential, and only valuable proof, witness.

The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could procure none; he urged the Cadi, therefore to give sentence in his favor.

After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew out from under his sofa the bag of 500 ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe; saying to him very gravely, 'You have been much mistaken in the suit, for if the poor man could bring no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce 500.' He then threw the bag, with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

Such was the noble decision of a Turkish judge, not unworthy of the imitation of some who make a profession of the doctrines of christianity.—*Christian Adv.*

Credit.

THE facility with which credit is obtained proves the ruin of one half of mankind. It is a snare and a trap to the young. To the young man, his strength is property and a resource for future years, and he should never contract a lien upon it to any one. There was a practice among the ancient nations of mortgaging the person's body as security for loan. Credit, in its mildest form, is little better than *this*. It is, in fact, to him whose only resource is his labor, a mortgage upon his physical strength and his liberty. There is a great difference, it is true, between a debt contracted for property which is kept

and yields an income to the purchaser, and that which is spent and consumed.

Credit perhaps cannot altogether be dispensed with, but it is a grave question, whether, on the whole, it has not done more mischief than good. There is hardly an evil in society, which has not sprung from it. It has created a race of non-producers, who render no equivalent to society for what they consume. It has separated knowledge from labor, and deprived the laborer of the improvements which his facilities require, and of the satisfactions for which his nature was designed. It has oppressed industry and worth on the one hand, and pampered idleness and profligacy on the other. If every young man, who should from this time come of age, would contract no debt, what would be the state of society in twenty years? It would be changed in its whole condition and character.

MODESTY, in a young female, is the flower of a tender shrub, which is the promise of excellent fruits. To destroy it is to destroy the germ of a thousand virtues, to destroy the hope of society, to commit an outrage against nature. The air of the world is a burning breath that every day, blasts this precious flower.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. D. West Milton, O. \$1.00; H. S. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$0.80; W. C. M'V. Louisville, N. Y. \$0.62; P. M. Fortsville, N. Y. \$2.00; B. R. H. Hartsville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Maiden Bridge, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$1.00; H. G. F. Hunter, N. Y. \$1.00; W. D. New-York, \$1.00; L. B. Eaton, O. \$1.00; H. F. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.62; W. C. R. Newburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Whalen's Store, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. A. Massena, N. Y. \$3.00; L. G. F. Belleville, N. Y. \$2.00; W. D. S. Jamestown, N. Y. \$10.00; P. M. Nineveh, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. East Lexington, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; B. S. B. Monson, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Sharon, Ct. \$1.00; R. W. New-York, \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$1.00; H. W. H. Shirley Village, Ms. \$1.00; R. N. S. Cedar Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; W. C. W. New Village, N. J. \$5.00; C. C. W. Springfield, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. T. Cannonsburg, Pa. \$5.00; A. P. Milton, Ct. \$2.00; W. B. Redrock, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Cambridge, N. Y. \$3.00; M. T. Williamstown, Ms. \$1.00; B. C. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Middlebury, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Ira, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Schron Lake N. Y. \$4.00; E. B. D. Hartford, N. Y. \$2.00; A. F. B. Salina, N. Y. \$3.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$5.00; O. H. East Becket, Ms. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

DROWNED.—The body of Zadock Newberry of this city, was found in the ferry dock on Saturday morning last.

SUGAR FROM BEES.—An association of gentlemen in Pennsylvania are making arrangements for manufacturing sugar from the bee. They have sent a gentleman to France to obtain information in relation to the process of manufacturing now pursued with great success there.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Roderick Beebe, of Chatham, to Miss Jane E. Lovejoy, of this city.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. T. C. Brown, Mr. Washington Rossman, M. D. formerly of Hudson, N. Y. to Miss Lutetia A. daughter of L. N. Selsor, Esq. of Hinds co. Miss.

DIED.

In this city, on the 10th inst. Mr. Uriah Roraback, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. at the residence of Mr. J. Westfield, Miss Pamela Ann Williams, of Hillsdale, aged 24 years.

On the 13th ult. Mrs. Catharine, relict of Jesse Holt, formerly of this city, aged 50 years.

On the 28th ult. at his seat in Virginia, James Madison, ex-president of the U. S. in the 90th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 27th ult. Capt. Samuel Wiswall, in the 63d year of his age.

At the same place, on the 3d inst. Augustus Wynkoop, Esq. aged 59 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

PILGRIM, on thy journey starting
For a far and heavenly clime,
From thy home and kindred parting,
Parting from the toys of time,
Let not grief thy bosom trouble
That thou biddest them farewell,
Human joy is but a bubble,
Let thy heart in heaven dwell.

Pilgrim with thy journey weary,
Toiling 'neath a heavy load,
Oh, let not despair come near thee,
Faint thou not upon the road;
Smoother is the way to heaven,
As it draweth near its close,
Faith its roughness will make even,
Hope will lighten all its woes.

Pilgrim, thy long journey ending,
Let thy spirit in thee rise;
See with death's dark shadows blending
The bright radiance of the skies.
Doubt shall never more benight thee,
Grief and care pass not the tomb,
Angels' outspread arms invite thee,
To the pilgrim's heavenly home.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of our much esteemed fellow townsman, the Hon. ELLIS LEWIS. They appear in his daughter's Album, which in the course of its perambulations, fell into our hands a few days since. Conceiving, they possess merit infinitely beyond the itinerant effusions which usually make their debut in a Ladies' Album, we have transferred them to our columns.—*Lycoming Gazette.*

Life!—Its Similitudes.

FOR MY DAUGHTER'S ALBUM.

Lo! yonder silk-worm on the stand,
Pampered with leaves by careful hand;
Its end accomplished—see how soon
It finds its death in the cocoon.
Each fruit and ornamental TREE
Dreary and death-like now we see;
Foliage and fruit and fragrant bloom
Shrouded in Winter's deepest gloom.
Behold, in view, that noble STREAM,
It glides and shines—a transient gleam;
Its name and pride soon find a grave
In broad Atlantic's ocean-wave.
The BUBBLE on the current tossed
Glow's bright and brief and soon is lost;
The globule broke—the parts repair
Liquid to liquid—air to air.
Far in the East, yon golden ray
Proclaims the brilliant ORB OF DAY;
He courses to meridian height,
Then sinks in Western clouds of night.

The TREE, the STREAM, the GOLDEN SUN,
Are emblems of the course we run;
The BUBBLE too, so brief and light,
Is like this world—as empty quite;
The CURRENT glides like life away,
Tide and Time, for no one stay;
The highest and the haughtiest man
Is but a WORM—his life a span.
So, dearest JULIET, must it be
With thee, and thine, and all we see.

In health and hope we glare a while,
Then 'shuffle off this mortal coil,'
Returning to our mother Earth
The form she gave us at our birth.

But there is still a brighter place
For holy ones of human race.
For them the TREE shall bloom again,
Its foliage shade the verdant plain
Perennial, as around are seen
The *Laurel*, *Pine* and *Ever-green*.
For them the SUN shall cast his rays
In brighter, holier, happier days;
The STREAM of Time, its flow shall cease
In one eternal sea of peace.
And sin and woe and war and strife
Shall vanish with the BUBBLE life.
The outward film shall, in its fall,
The inward spirit disenthral;
Like winged and seraph *butter-fly*,
No more a WORM, it soars on high;
The disunited parts shall go
Home to the source from whence they flow!
The BODY to its dark abode—
The SOUL to wing its way to God.

Stanzas.

BY M. E. J.

THERE is a sweetness in the midnight clime,
The deep toned echo of departed time;
A holy thrill comes o'er the grief worn heart,
As the low moanings of the winds depart,
A fond regret is in that pitying tone
Of joy long past, and friends forever flown.

There is a calmness on the midnight sky,
When earth's lone ones in sleepy fetters lie,
Low sounds are on the winds, the gathering swell
Of midnight music from the echoing bell,
And though no sunny ray to earth be given,
Hope faintly smiles and whispers us of heaven.

From the Catskill Recorder.

'He Died.'

BY HORATIO GATES.

'HE DIED!'—We hear it every day!
In every clime—on every shore,
Where life and speech have found their way,
The breath that fosters them has borne
This sentence, on its fleeting wing,
To many a keenly aching ear,
To fill—or drain—the ebbing spring
That yields the briny tear.—
That sound has passed our ears so oft,
It ceases to dispel
Our gayety, but sinks as soft
As tales that children tell;
And like the chattering parrot, taught
To mimic human sounds for pride,
Our words are strangers to our thoughts,
When we pronounce—'He died!'

'He died!'—Look on that moss-grown stone!
That silent record of the dead,
Which stands thus mournfully alone,
To guard this dust from lawless tread.—
'Who sleeps beneath it?'—See his name!
'A saint?—a hero?—or a sage?'—
'Died he for liberty?—or fame?'—
'Or mid some persecution's rage?'—
His fame, his deeds are all forgot—
Unheeded—or unknown—
And none has registered his lot
On this unmeaning stone;
And, save some moralizing rhymes,
Some cold appeal to living pride.

This stone can tell to other times
No tale but this—'He died!'

'He died!'—but when alive he felt
(As all who live, like him, must feel)
His heart beat high with hope—or melt
With anguish he would fain conceal.—
He sighed for honors, or for power,
For wealth, or friends, (as all will sigh,)
But were he to return this hour,
And cast his opened eye
On this cold, stony page, and see
All that we mortals know
Of what he was—or wished to be—
While he sojourned below;
The sage and the divine might preach,
The mourner weep, the wag deride
His past pursuits;—but none could teach
Like these two words—'He died!'

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY.

Embellished with Engravings;

DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND
SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS,
BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING
MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL
ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

On Saturday, the 18th of June, 1836, will be issued the first number of the *Thirteenth Volume* (*Fourth New Series*) of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the Publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

CONDITIONS.

THE *RURAL REPOSITORY* will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. It will be printed in handsome style, on Medium paper of a superior quality, with new type, and embellished occasionally with Engravings; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, containing matter equal to one thousand duodecimo pages, which will be both amusing and instructive in future years.

TERMS.—The Thirteenth volume, (*Fourth New Series*) will commence on the 18th of June next, at the low rate of *One Dollar* per annum in advance, or *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *six* copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive *twelve* copies and one copy of either of the previous volumes. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 18th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher,
WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1836.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

Notice.

Notes under Five Dollars taken in payment for the *REPOSITORY*, as usual.

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All orders and Communications must be post paid, to receive attention.